MADEIRA

AND THE

CANARY ISLANDS.

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A HANDBOOK FOR TOURISTS.

By HAROLD LEE.

With numerous Illustrations, Maps, &c.

SECOND EDITION,

[With Paper by Dr. M. Douglas upon "Grand Canary as a Health Resort."]

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

To exchange a leaden sky for one of azure, marrow-piercing blasts for balmy breezes, rain and fog for genial sunshine, is a delight too manifest to need insistance. Whether it be due to erratic conduct on the part of the Gulf Stream, or some other cause more or less occult, the fact seems to be that the English climate is changing from bad to worse. "On horror's head horrors accumulate." Winter is prolonged far into spring, and summer, when due by the calendar, seems to have forgotten that it has a place amongst the seasons. How many holiday makers have had their vacation spoiled by bad weather!

The system of tours inaugurated by Messrs. Elder, Dempster and Co., the agents for the British and African Steam Navigation Company, and Mr. Alexander Sinclair, manager of the African Steamship Company, enables the holiday seeker to undertake a trip with the absolute certainty of fine weather, for in the regions of Madeira and the Canaries climatic conditions are not a matter of accident and subject to variation from day to day. They can be calculated and relied upon. Moreover, the tourist is enabled to visit islands which have an historic interest and where nature is to be seen in some of her most impressive phases. And not only in regard to scenery, climate, and an historic past do these islands abound in charm. They offer pictures of foreign life and customs that cannot but interest the stranger in the liveliest degree, and

supply that element of novelty and piquancy which no extent of wandering at home can afford.

To the delicate, the consumptive, the health seeker of every kind, the delightful latitudes now to be visited at almost nominal cost offer the means of prolonging many a despaired of life and restoring to sound health those whom continued residence in England would transform into confirmed valetudinarians.

It is suggested that the most convenient and satisfactory method of proceeding upon the tour of the islands will be to remain content with a mere flying visit to Madeira and Teneriffe on the outward voyage, and to make Grand Canary the first permanent stopping place. The steamer will remain at Funchal (Madeira) and Santa Cruz (Teneriffe) a few hours while cargo is discharged and loaded, and during this time the tourist will be able to have a run ashore, and obtain a *coup d'œil* of each place. Upon landing at Las Palmas (Grand Canary) he will thus have impressed upon his mental vision a picture of the islands as a whole, which will be found both of interest and practical use. Let the *stay* at Teneriffe and Madeira be made on the return journey. This plan is recommended as the result of actual experience.

Comparatively little attention has been devoted in this work to Madeira, for the reasons that the island is more familiar to travellers than are the Canaries, and that excellent handbooks to Madeira already exist. The best of these, perhaps, is James Yate Johnson's *Handbook for Madeira*, published by Dulau and Co., 37, Soho Square, London. Miss Ellen Taylor's *Madeira: Its scenery, and how to see it*, published by Stanford, Charing Cross, is, however, a most admirable volume, and has the advantage of being cheaper. J. M. Rendell's *Concise Handbook of the Island of Madeira*, published by Kegan, Paul and Co., London, is a smaller work which gives a great fund of information.

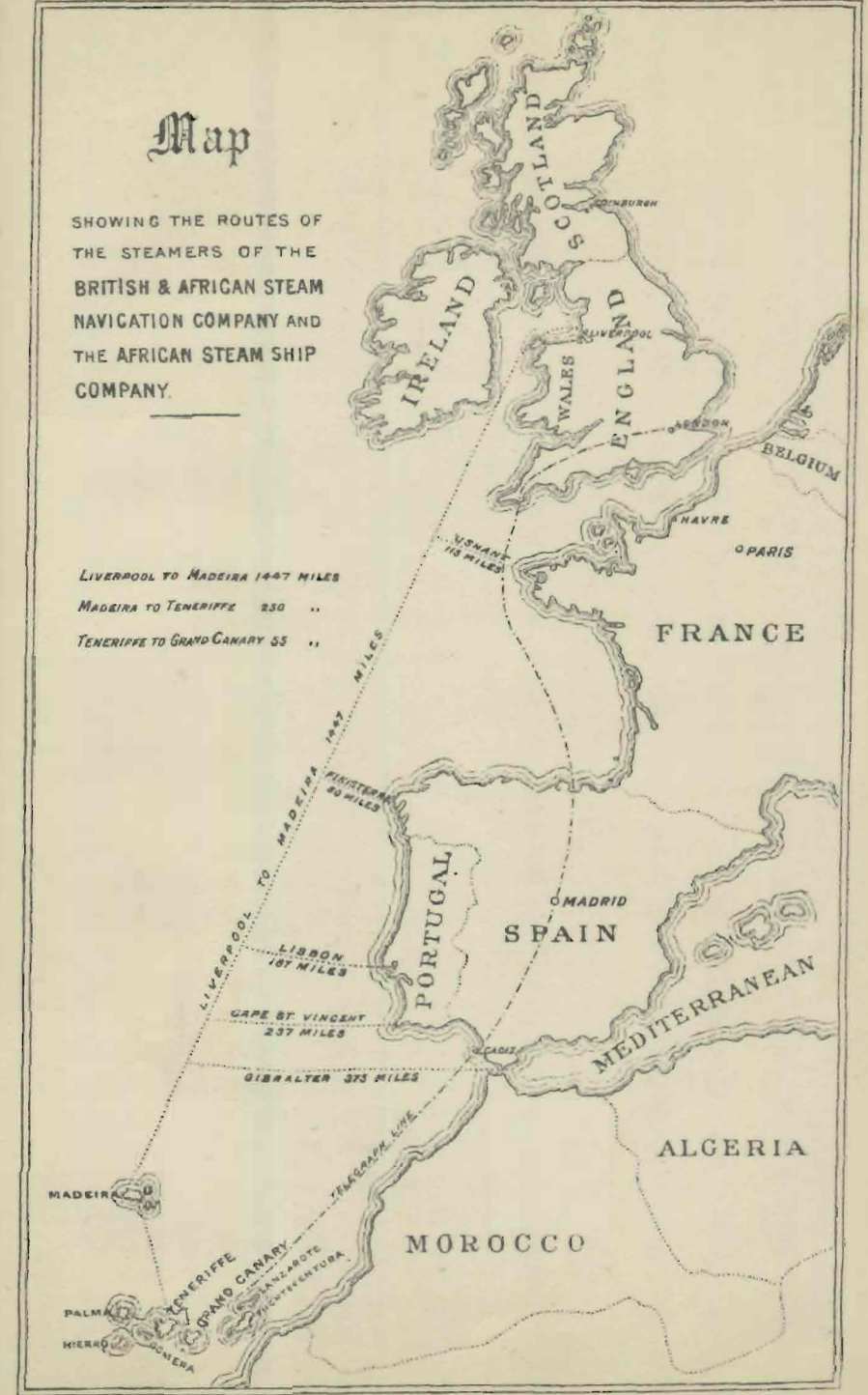
PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The favour with which this handbook has been received, and the growing popularity of the Canary Islands as a health and pleasure resort, necessitate the publication of another edition. The present issue has been revised and extended, and appended is a paper by Dr. Mordley Douglas upon the hygienic and climatic features of the Islands, from which a mass of useful information, both for the medical faculty and for the general reader, may be gathered.

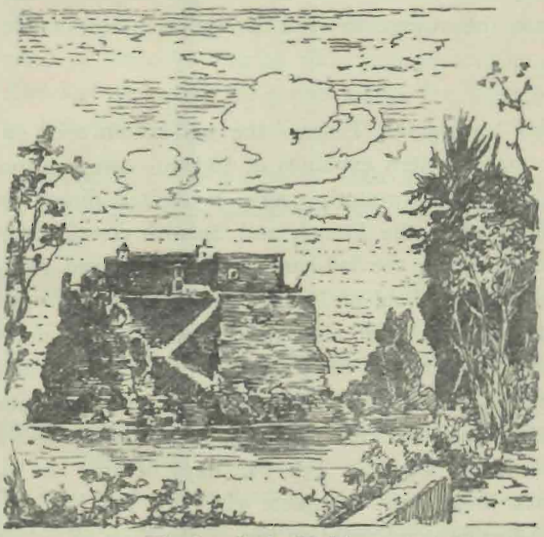
The access of English visitors to the Islands, which has followed the establishment of the system of tours from Liverpool, has stimulated the inhabitants to augment in many ways the facilities for the comfort and enjoyment of the traveller during his stay; and it may be confidently asserted that in no other part of the world yet brought before the notice of the public is it possible to cheat the terror-laden winter and spring of our own shores so effectually, and withal under such agreeable conditions.

Map

SHOWING THE ROUTES OF THE STEAMERS OF THE **BRITISH & AFRICAN STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY** AND THE **AFRICAN STEAM SHIP COMPANY.**



TOURS TO MADEIRA AND THE CANARY ISLANDS.



The Loo Rock, Madeira.

The fine steamers of the British and African Steam Navigation Company and the African Steamship Company sail from Liverpool every Saturday. The passage to Madeira occupies six days. Each vessel carries a doctor and a stewardess, and special cabins are set apart for the use of ladies. It may reassure the nervous to know that the passage across "the Bay" is frequently performed under the smoothest and pleasantest of conditions, even in winter time. It is largely a matter of accident whether Neptune wears a smiling or a frowning face; and it often happens that those who, on embarking, have entertained the liveliest anticipations of "a rough time of it" have been agreeably disappointed to find that crossing the dreaded Bay involves no greater trials than a trip to the Bar Light-ship and back. In this happy event, the traveller will find

that sea air, and the fact of having left dull care behind him in quitting the shores of Old England, have united to give him a splendid appetite, and he will enjoy his meals with a relish altogether unknown at home.

An early cup of tea or coffee, and biscuit, is served round at six o'clock, if desired. Breakfast is at 8 30, lunch at one o'clock, afternoon tea at four, and dinner at six o'clock. The table is an excellent one.

Chess, draughts, quoits, and the usual amusements on board ship are provided, and the special care of the captains and officers is to cause the voyage to pass as agreeably as possible for all.

Approaching Madeira.

After leaving the Tuskar—the well-known rock on the south-eastern extremity of Ireland—away on the right, a south-westerly course is steered direct for the Madeiras, which leaves the French and Spanish coasts some hundreds of miles away on the left-hand. The next land seen, consequently, will be the Island of Porto Santo, some thirty miles to the north of Madeira, and forming one of the Madeira group. This may be expected on the sixth day, early or late as the steamer has been helped on her way by favourable breezes or retarded by adverse ones. That its appearance will be eagerly looked for goes without saying. For five days nothing but an occasional sail has broken the complete circle of the horizon; and the eye, though almost ashamed to tire of the feast of colour offered by the sea and sky—the one of a deep indigo blue beyond the conception of those who have never sped their way over fathomless waters, and the other with its delicate ultramarine scarce spotted with a single fleecy cloud—begins to wish for something fresh to gaze upon. So, when the look-out suddenly reports "Land ahead," there is a general rush to the rail, and a unanimous and eager scanning of the horizon. The "loom of the land," though visible enough to the practised seaman, is not always so to the "lubber" who hails from shore. Still, there it

is, and it is only a question of minutes before it can be descried by all on board, rising boldly out of the sea, but softened by distance into a hazy sepia tint. The spirits of all on board become exuberantly jovial. All sorts of questions are put to the captain: "How far is it off?" "When shall we be abreast of it?" "Is it inhabited?" The captain duly satisfies all inquiries, and, as the steamer comes abreast of the Island of Porto Santo and passes within easy distance of its shores, Madeira itself should show its shadowy bluffs upon the horizon. At once the ocean loses its solitude. The trackless seas appear to assume comprehensible shape, and though the observation is to be made about almost every voyage that ever is undertaken, one cannot help a sudden thrill of respect, mingled with perhaps a little awe, for the skill that has navigated the vessel across the waste of waters so truly to her end.

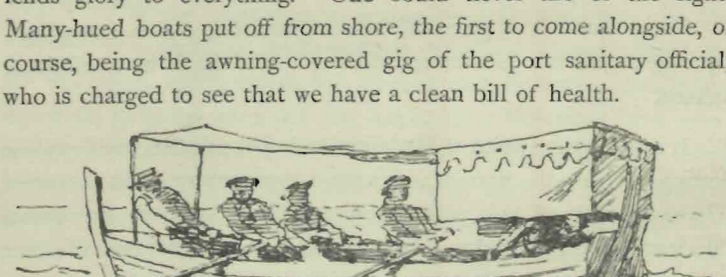
Porto Santo is a place of little importance, and is not visited by large steamers. Communication with Madeira is by small local vessels.

It is the eastern point of Madeira which first presents itself to view, jutting out into the narrow and jagged promontory of St. Lorenzo. Upon an islet off this point is erected the *Pharol*, or lighthouse. Madeira lies on the right. Away on the left, at a distance of some twelve miles, are the Desertas, three islands whose precipitous rocks and sterile ridges prevent habitation, and have led to their name. With them we have nothing to do. Madeira, at the first blush, seems but little more smiling in aspect, and the truth is, both this island and the Canaries offer the most rugged of welcomes to the traveller arriving from the North. Innumerable hills, lofty and peaked, and deeply pierced by ravines, form the prospect, and visual evidence of the volcanic nature of the mass is everywhere afforded. As the steamer passes rapidly along, however, the view loses its sterility. The green valley of Machico, with the townlet near its mouth, comes into sight; and soon afterwards follows Santa Cruz, the most important place in the island after Funchal, the capital. The latter lies a dozen miles further on, and as the

steamer passes close to shore the richly wooded slopes now to be seen, which contrast finely with the remarkably vivid colouring of the exposed rocks facing the sea, begin to give an idea of the true beauties of the island.

A Beautiful Bay.

The view of Funchal itself, its white-walled and red-tiled houses lying in a close cluster near the bay, and becoming more scattered and interspersed with foliage as the eye travels up the sloping amphitheatre of surrounding hills, is a sight not to be forgotten. It is a veritable little paradise that we have come to. The steamer drops anchor in water of brilliant ultramarine, in the remote depths of which, as we look over the side, we may chance to see the glistening sheen of a school of *sardinhas*. The sky is almost without a cloud. Fine hot sunlight lends glory to everything. One could never tire of the sight. Many-hued boats put off from shore, the first to come alongside, of course, being the awning-covered gig of the port sanitary official, who is charged to see that we have a clean bill of health.



The Doctor's Boat.

Next we have the Custom-house officers, for Madeira is gripped and stifled by a thraldom of duties. Then come the agents of the steamer, and after them the deluge. A flotilla of small craft, containing folk from shore bent either upon business or the satisfaction of curiosity, dash wildly at the gangway, and the air is filled with a babel of sound as the boats bob up and down with the waves, and struggle for a place at the ship's ladder. Cross over to the other side of the deck and you will find the water alive with copper-coloured youngsters diving like fishes for small coin thrown

to them, and shrieking for more in a strange compound of English and Portuguese. The dexterity of the young rascals is amazing. The only chance the coin has of escaping their grasp is when two or more of the lads collide under water and fight for its possession. From the bumboats swarthy fellows, clad in white shirt and trousers, scramble up by ropes, boathooks, or any other means at hand, and take the deck by storm. In a twinkling you have specimens of Madeira needlework spread invitingly before your eyes; bananas, oranges, and other fruits dandled temptingly beneath your nose; views of the island submitted to your gaze; and your patronage besought for the famous basketwork chairs and couches made in the island. Investment in the last named may be deferred until your return visit, but then certainly you will do well to buy, for these articles are not only cheap in price and of durable wear, but are also very ornamental, and when nicely cushioned are uncommonly luxurious.

Of course you will be ready for a run ashore. Having asked the captain how long you may be away, commit yourself, therefore, to the care of a boatman and you will speedily reach the beach. Notice the curious way in which the landing is effected—the boat turned stern on to the shore and run up on the top of an inbreaking wave. The charge for landing and embarking is a shilling per head each way. The time ashore may be utilised in several ways. You may take a ride on horseback, or be driven in one of the bullock-sleighs that form one of the best known characteristics of Madeira, or be carried in a hammock, or be content with merely strolling about the streets and taking a general look round. Whatever alternative is adopted, you will find ample interest to repay you, and when you rejoin the steamer the recital of the experiences of yourself and your fellow-passengers will afford new matter for conversation and comparison of notes as the charming bay of Funchal is left behind and the course of the vessel directed for Teneriffe.

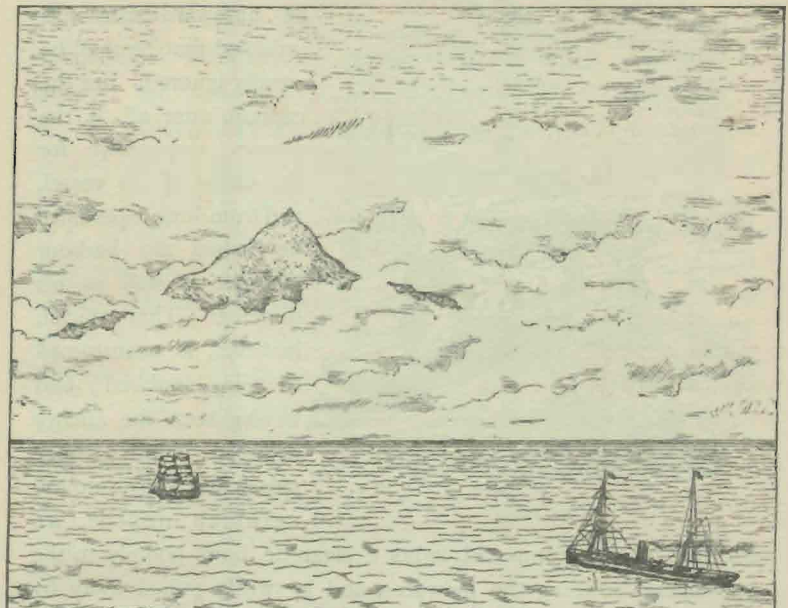
MADEIRA TO TENERIFFE.

First View of "The Peak."

The run from Funchal to Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, a distance of about 250 miles, is usually accomplished in 25 hours. Supposing Madeira to have been left in the afternoon, passengers will find for the following morning an occupation of no little excitement. Who shall be first to see the Peak of Teneriffe, that famous pinnacle which, uplifting its head to the altitude of 12,180 feet, stands as a landmark for mariners over a radius of well nigh a hundred miles? It is stated, indeed, that the "sugar-loaf" has been seen from a distance of 120 miles, but that is probably an exaggeration. The Peak usually becomes visible about 90 miles off, and to see it you must look not at the horizon itself, but in the sky above. Then, as you gaze, you will suddenly behold it, not looking like land at all, but to all appearance a nebulous cone, faint sepia in tint, floating above a deep bank of haze or cloud. The outline grows stronger and more defined as you approach, and the slowly moving clouds that hang round the giant mountain may chance to roll away sufficiently to enable you to obtain a view of the shoulder. It is rare, however, that the whole extent of the Peak is visible, and the probability is that when the lofty ridges of the island itself show up above the horizon, a portion of the Peak will be again hidden by cloud.

The first impression created by the island of Teneriffe, as the steamer passes rapidly by its precipitous cliffs, will probably be one of disappointment. Is it possible that these bleak, barren, jagged heights, pierced at every turn by gloomy gorges, and descending sheer into the sea, are part and parcel of those "fortunate islands," whose beauties Pliny vaunted and whose luxuriant fertility was sung by Humboldt in terms of enthusiastic appreciation? It is even so. Teneriffe is emphatically volcanic in its origin.

Ridge after ridge of serrated cones are piled up in "most admired disorder," and the sea dashing sullenly at their base discloses



The Peak of Teneriffe.

hardly one patch of smiling yellow sand. The view is essentially a grim one. The island, however, presents its worst aspect to those who view it from the north and east, and its first appearance belies its real nature. As the steamer proceeds, things rapidly begin to look better: vegetation gives relief to the sombre brown of the rocks; and when, on rounding a cliff, the snug little harbour and the glistening white houses of Santa Cruz are descried, a very pretty sight is presented. The blue of the water is intense, and contrasts delightfully with the dazzling brightness of the town as it basks there in the hot afternoon sunlight.

An Excited Official.

"Half-speed" is telegraphed from the bridge. The steamer slackens her way. A boat comes into view, bearing a uniformed official, who with excited gestures, yells out something in Spanish. It is *el piloto*, a

functionary whose duty it is to direct the anchorage of the steamer, but in regard to whom an untoward fate has ordained that he shall be usually ignored. For the captain, after all, is the person responsible for the safety of his vessel, and from long experience he knows the harbour perhaps as well as his director. That official, however, is accustomed to being snubbed; and having seen the anchor dropped, with a huge splash and whirr, into the cerulean depths, he becomes at once composed, lights a cigarette, bows politely to the passengers crowding the bulwarks, and is swiftly pulled away by his sturdy crew.

El Piloto.

Next comes the health officer, without whose sanction no communication can be held with the shore. The health boat at Santa Cruz is a particularly smart craft, putting entirely to the blush its compeers at Funchal and Las Palmas. A fine boat in itself, clean as a new pin, and its crew spic and span in a scrupulously neat uniform, it cleaves the yielding waters with buoyant vigour, and dashes alongside in splendid style. The crew follow a curious practice in the disposition of their oars. Instead of placing them inboard, after the English fashion, they let them drop into the water, where, secured by a lanyard, they float alongside until next wanted. The doctor, his assistant and his interpreter, three uniformed and white-capped gentlemen who occupy the stern-sheets, ask a few questions, look at the ship's papers, and pronounce all to be in order. Removing their cigarettes to bow an *adieu*, they sheer off and return to the place whence they came.

A Besieging Army.

Promptly the gangway is assailed, as at Funchal, by a score of boats with the ship's agents, bumboat-men, hotel scouts, and vendors of the peculiar products of the island. All scramble promiscuously on board. There are, however, no diving boys clamouring volubly for encouragement to exhibit their skill. Of the fruit that is offered, the passenger can form his own opinion, both in regard to price and quality. As to the cigars a word of advice is more requisite. The Teneriffe cigars, then, are by no means bad smoking, and the price is distinctly low. Florida water also is cheap, bottles of the genuine Murray and Lanman's manufacture being offered at 1s. 6d. which at home would cost twice the money. The inexperienced Briton need therefore have little hesitation in embarking on a purchase of these articles; but in regard to others that may be submitted, it is well to remember that in the Canary Islands, as in most other places, the value of a thing is what it will fetch, and that the wily successor of the aboriginal Guanche has imbibed enough of the principles of modern commerce to ask, in the first place, considerably more than he is prepared ultimately to accept. Especially does this remark apply to Canary birds, dozens of which, in little basket-work or wooden cages, are brought on board each steamer that arrives.

Following the plan suggested of paying a flying visit ashore on the outward passage and reserving the complete visit for the homeward journey, you will find no lack of boats to take you to the Mole; for the steamer, it will be understood, is unable through want of water to approach that structure, and anchors at some little distance. A shilling each passenger each way is again the charge. There are three good hotels in Santa Cruz, where lunch or dinner may be obtained, to wit, "Camacho's," "Clarke's," and "The International." Camacho himself is a Portuguese, who speaks English and understands English ways; the other two are under English proprietory and management. Having duly paid attention to the requirements of the inner man, a pleasant and informal stroll may be taken about the town until the hour for returning on board.

TENERIFFE TO GRAND CANARY.

All hands having again assembled in the good ship, the anchor is weighed, and the run across to Las Palmas begins. The distance being only fifty-five miles, a few hours brings into plain view the bold coast of Grand Canary, the dim outline of which may indeed be easily seen in fine weather from Teneriffe itself. The aspect of Grand Canary from the north is rocky in the extreme. Less jagged than that of Teneriffe may be its sky-line, but hardly less grim and gloomy are its sterile cliffs, descending in sheer precipices into the sea. Here again, though, the tourist must be cautioned not to judge hastily and merely by the outside. At the north-eastern extremity of the island is a bluff promontory named the Isleta, at one time evidently detached, though now connected with the mainland by a narrow neck of sand. About two-thirds up the face of this enormous cliff, on its northern side, is a lighthouse, and on its summit a signal station, from which, even before you can discern its existence, the news of your steamer's approach is semaphored to another station on the hill behind the city of Las Palmas, and thence passed down to the inhabitants below. It is a clumsy method, perhaps, and rather suggests the old days when—

> "Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
> And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

But it suffices, though of course only by day. At dusk the signal-man folds up his flags and hies him to his domestic hearth; but so long as the sun remains above the horizon a vigilant look-out is kept, and by a succession of signals the approach and the nationality of your vessel, and further, the particular fleet to which it belongs, are duly intimated to the good people of the capital.

Las Palmas. No one approaching for the first time the chief town of Grand Canary can fail to be struck by its pronounced Eastern, or, at all events, Moorish, appearance. It is a city of flat-roofed houses, whose white or yellow-coloured walls, jutting balconies, green-tinted shutters, and upspringing minaret towers suggest at once and unmistakably an origin in the far past and burning climes. The palm trees, from which its name is derived, are now few and far between. The place has been allowed to grow without much reference to the soothing effect which verdure exercises upon the eye. Nevertheless, they are not altogether absent, and their waving plumes, surmounting tall and branchless stems, give additional verisimilitude to the Eastern look. Here and there are to be seen small windmills, used for pumping water, slowly revolving their ghostly arms. In the foreground the mole stretches out from shore seawards. At the back of the town, and encircling it in amphitheatre form, rise the hills, which in any Canary landscape form an essential and characteristic portion of the view. Stretching away to the right, between Las Palmas and the Isleta, is an extensive bay, at the extremity of which lies the Puerto, or port. This bay is well sheltered from northerly and westerly winds, and when the harbour works now in progress at its extremity are finished a port of refuge will be provided in which vessels may find security from gales from any quarter. The Spanish Government have voted £350,000 for the construction of the works, which are being carried out by British contractors, under the superintendence of their representative, Mr. R. A. Biggleston. English enterprise finds another outlet at the Port, for recognising its special advantages as a coaling station for steamers, an extensive depôt has been formed here by the Grand Canary Coaling Company, an undertaking which has its headquarters at Liverpool. The facilities offered by this company have proved so conspicuous that many steamers which previously coaled at the Cape de Verde Islands now prefer to do so here, with the result that Grand Canary is growing rapidly in commercial importance

THE CANARIES AND THEIR PEOPLE.

Whilst the steamer is anchoring, and the port sanitary officials are coming off to us in their gig (which is nothing like so natty, by the way, as that of Santa Cruz), there is time for acquiring some general information about the Canary Islands and the customs of their inhabitants which will enable the visitor better to appreciate his stay.

It need not be recounted how the islands were originally peopled by the Guanches, who appear to have been a fine, intelligent race, probably derived from the African coast; how in the early part of the fourteenth century the Spanish invasion took place; and how the natives were overcome, driven from one mountain fastness to another, and treated with the shocking cruelty that has more than once marked the conduct of Spanish invaders towards conquered peoples. It is needless also to tell the melancholy tale of the decadence of the aborigines, and their removal from the face of the land, until the only memorials of them which now remain are their bones, their stone implements, their cave dwellings, and the primitive manufacture of pottery which is still carried on in the islands. There are numerous works published which give information on the subject.* We have here to deal with the Canaries of to-day.

Their first and paramount feature is their climate; and of their glories in this respect what can be said which shall convey an adequate conception to the reader without savouring of extravagance and hyperbole? Situated in a latitude almost tropical, the excessive heat of the tropics is tempered by the proximity of the all-extending sea and by the gentle airs which unvaryingly blow in from the ocean—

* The best are—Pigot-Ogier's "The Fortunate Islands, or the Archipelago of the Canaries"; Gabriel de Belcastel's "Les Iles Canaries"; Piazzi Smythe's famous work on Teneriffe; Humboldt's "Voyage to the Equinoctial Regions." The "Encyclopædia Britannica," under the article "Canary Islands," gives a vast amount of information in condensed form; and a very readable volume is Mrs. Elizabeth Murray's "Sixteen Years of an Artist's Life in Spain, Morocco, and the Canary Islands."

for the Canaries are just within the region of the trade winds, and a cooling breeze may always be counted upon. Moreover, the atmosphere is dry, and a thermometrical degree of heat, which at home would be oppressive, is supported here without inconvenience. The peculiarity of these islands is the equability of their temperature. Warm days are not succeeded by chilly nights. The evening temperature varies but little from the shade temperature of the day. The climatic dangers of the Riviera and other fashionable resorts have thus no existence here. The invalid need fear no insidious night chill which shall undermine the benefit derived from the genial warmth of the hours of daylight. A convincing testimony to the equability of the Canary climate is afforded by a domestic custom of the inhabitants themselves. The necessity for artificial warmth enters into the calculations neither of landlord nor tenant. Fireplaces and appliances of any kind for heating rooms are unknown.

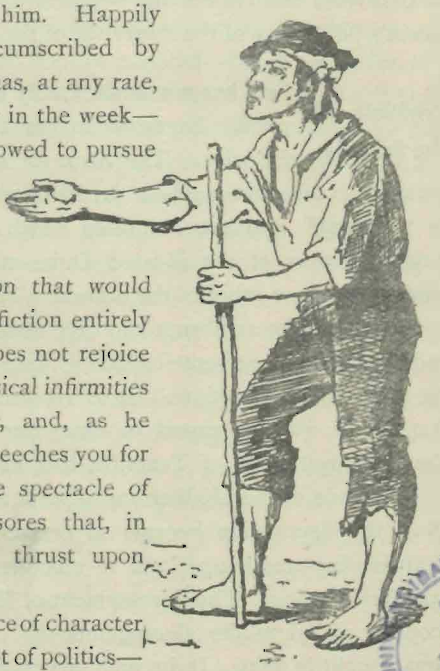
Dolce far Niente.

It is an old observation and a true one that character is largely governed by climate. The visitor to the Canary Islands must not expect to find energy a feature of their inhabitants. Except amongst the peasantry and tillers of the soil, who in most countries are compelled to be industrious, indolence is here nature's first law: *dolce far niente* the aim of life. As for the peasants, though exceedingly poor, they are content. If their purses be light, their wants are lighter still. Their diet is simplicity itself. The staff of life is *gofio*, and *gofio* being interpreted means a mixture of Indian meal and water, sometimes boiled, and oftener not. It is not a very toothsome dish, perhaps, but it is nutritive enough, for the Canary people are to the full as strong and healthy as the average of mankind. With *gofio* as his *pièce de resistance*, and a scrap of salt fish or bread for an occasional relish, the Canary prototype of our own Hodge will face existence quite cheerfully, untroubled by any misgivings as to whether life is worth living. It is higher up in the social scale that the national indolence asserts itself. As you saunter through the quaint streets of Las Palmas or Santa Cruz, you shall behold dark-eyed senoras and senoritas by the score, some

lolling lazily at their balconies, shading their mantilla-draped heads from the sun by means of their fans; others half concealed behind the wooden jalousies of their windows, hiding themselves at will from the too curious gaze of the passer by, but nevertheless keeping the *grille* sufficiently open to enable them to take accurate stock of all that goes on. For in the art of "quizzing" the Spanish ladies in Canary, as in the Peninsula itself, are adepts, and the peculiar formation of the windows lends itself admirably to its practice. The men follow suit. Merchants and shopkeepers alike spend half their day idling at their doors, finding matter for some languid interest in what passes in the street, but taking infinitesimal thought for the custom that in England would be wooed by a thousand energetic artifices. The street pedlar jogs placidly along beside his mule, giving himself scarce the trouble to call his wares. The venerable chesnut-roasting dames, squatting at the street corners, doze comfortably away what remains to them of existence, wakening from their dreamy reveries barely in time to fan into life with a palm leaf the dying charcoal in their earthenware braziers. The boatmen about the mole sprawl for hours at a time over the big stone balustrade, ready for a job if it chance to come along, but in no way repining at the prospect of idleness. The lightermen, who bring goods from the ship anchored in the bay, are determined

Chesnuts, all hot!

dawdlers in everything but chatter. Each shady spot has its knot of idlers. Cobblers and carpenters, alone amongst handicraftsmen, seem to pursue their calling with an approximation to energy. And, after all, it may be said, why may not life be taken easily? In the beginning of things was not labour imposed as a penalty? Why, when there is little stimulus to exertion in the shape of anxiety for the morrow, should one put oneself about? Surely, hot sunshine is made to be basked in, and when the conditions of life render *dolce far niente* so delightfully possible, 'tis folly to waste the hours in toil. That is the philosophy of the Canary islanders, and a philosophy which may perhaps commend itself to the favour of those visitors from other climes who are prone by nature to take an easy view of life and find something repellant in good Dr. Watts' apologue of the ant and the sluggard. Yet not all the inhabitants practise this principle of *laisser faire*. There is the Canary beggar. No sunshine is too hot for him. Happily his operations are circumscribed by authority. In Las Palmas, at any rate, it is upon one day only in the week—Saturday—that he is allowed to pursue his profession in the streets. Then he enters upon the war path with a relentless determination that would put the Indian brave of fiction entirely to the blush. Still, he does not rejoice in so many disgusting physical infirmities as his Madeira brother, and, as he hobbles after you and beseeches you for alms, you are spared the spectacle of the malformations and sores that, in Funchal, are everywhere thrust upon your attention.



"*For the love of the Virgin, Señor.*"

Joined to this indolence of character is a sort of conservatism, not of politics—for there is a good deal of republicanism

talked among the people—but of practical methods. The ploughs in use are wooden instruments, probably precisely the same as in Abraham's time. They are drawn by oxen. Corn is not threshed, but trodden out by the same useful beasts; another custom of biblical times. Oxen, too, draw the curious old machines which do duty for carts, and they share with mules and donkeys the functions of common carriers of the island. Everywhere the patient ass and his half brother may be observed toiling along with huge loads strapped to their backs, and as often as not their owner perched sideways on the summit in addition.

The silent hills have reverberated with no shrill echo of a railway whistle. Even tramways are unknown. The means of transport provided for long stages are omnibuses—vehicles so extraordinarily "ramshackle" in condition and antediluvian in design that their very existence alone supplies a convincing refutation to Darwin's pet theory of the "survival of the fittest."

Products of the Islands. Fate has not dealt kindly with the Canaries of late years. Everyone knows their ancient reputation for wine. The Sack for which jolly Jack Falstaff betrayed so unconscionable a predilection was but another name for "Canary," and the Malmsley which brought to a summary close the career of the ill-fated Duke of Clarence was probably brewed in one or other of the islands. The cultivation of the vine, however, came to an abrupt and disastrous end in the years 1851 and 1852, when the disease called "Oidium" attacked and destroyed the plants in all directions. It is reported that during the great Napoleonic war the export of wine from the town of Orotava, on the north-west coast of Teneriffe, had, in one year, stimulated by the blockade of the Mediterranean ports, amounted to 20,000 pipes. Now the devastation became so complete that in Madeira, that famous wine-producing island to which it also extended, not a pipe was forthcoming. The development of Hungary as a wine-growing country added to the gloomy outlook. A remedy for the disease was sought in vain. It became necessary to carry coals to Newcastle. Wine had to be imported into the islands from Catalonia

and fresh vines to be brought from Crete. Happily, when things were looking at the worst, a fresh industry came into vogue—the cultivation of cochineal. The energies of the inhabitants were directed towards the production of the curious lavender-coloured insect, which, dried and steeped in water, produces a dye of the most brilliant scarlet. The vines were plucked out of the fields, and the cactus—upon the broad and fin-like leaves of which plant the cochineal thrives best—reigned in their stead. Then followed a sorely needed spell of prosperity. The price of land, which had fallen to a minimum, rose so rapidly that a plot of an acre and a-half in extent, required for the cactus cultivation, sold for as much as £1,000. Those were piping times for the cochineal grower. Prices ran up to five shillings per pound, and many a handsome competence was realised. But the years of fatness were destined to end, and lean ones to come in their place. Before 1880 cochineal dyeing became superseded by the cheaper aniline process, and the price of the raw material—the dried bodies of the insect—fell at a sweep from five shillings to a trifle over a shilling per pound. All the islanders suffered severely,—many were ruined outright; and to-day the signs and tokens of fallen greatness are to be observed in the number of decaying country houses and establishments which a drive through the islands discloses. The wheel of fortune, however, took another turn. A remedy for "Oidium" had been found in sulphur powder, which, sprinkled about the vines, destroyed the germs of the disease. Hence a reversion in favour of wine growing. The cactus in its turn was removed, and the hillsides and valleys began to smile again with the graceful greenery of the grape-producing plant.

There is on all sides a strong desire to restore the old reputation of the Canaries, and efforts of a vigorous kind are being put forward to secure for the *vino del campo* a recognised place in the British and European markets. Nor have these been without success. Mr. Robert F. Millar, in Grand Canary, and Messrs. Hamilton and Co., in Teneriffe, have paid sedulous attention to this phase of the matter, while in both islands a Frenchman, M. Paul Michea, has established himself upon an extensive scale,

and claims to have applied to the production of native wine a special process which aids largely in the improvement of its quality and adds to its keeping capacity.

Within the last decade, also, tobacco growing has been tried, and with such remarkable success that not only are the wants of the islands supplied from within their own borders, but a large and increasing export to Spain is now carried on. The Home Government—always, to their credit be it said, ready to foster the interests of the islands—have encouraged the cultivation by all means in their power. The principal tobacco growers are—in Teneriffe, Don Luis Roman y Lugo, Don Juan Cumella, and Don José Garcia Torres; in Grand Canary, Messrs. T. Miller and Sons and Don Juan Leon y Castillo; and in Palma, Don Miguel Sotomayor. The quality of the tobacco varies according to the price, but the English tourist may confidently invest in the better brands, and will find them to be both good and extraordinarily cheap.

A Precocious Smoker.

The "weed" being thus plentiful, it follows as a natural consequence that smoking is universal. The children take to their tobacco about the time they give up the maternal milk. The merchant at his desk, the tradesman at his counter, the fishwife at her market stall, and the labourer at his hoe, all smoke. The soldier on patrol and the policeman on his beat have a *cigarillo* between their lips. The beggar must be poor at his trade indeed if even he cannot afford the luxury of a whiff.

Another peg upon which the inhabitants rest hopes for the

future prosperity of the islands is the cultivation of sugar. This has, so far, answered extremely well. Expensive machinery has been erected, and the trade has derived an impetus from concessions which the Spanish Government have made in the matter of duties upon the sugar imported into the peninsula.

A Rainless Paradise.

Here is the natural place to mention the other products of the Canaries and that great and eminently characteristic system of artificial irrigation upon which the fertility of the islands vitally depends. There is for nine months in the year absolutely no rain, and days of cloudless skies and brilliant sunshine succeed each other with an unbroken regularity inconceivable to dwellers in murky Britain. Obviously, however, the months of glorious *beau temps* would be fatal to agriculture were it not for irrigation, and the whole of the islands would become as bare and arid as those volcanic mountain tops and desolate steeps which upon the north-eastern coast descend precipitously into the sea, giving possibly to the visitor an idea at first somewhat unfavourable on the score of the vaunted fertility of the islands, though impressing him vastly with a sense of their scenic grandeur. Paradoxical as it may seem, though there is a short rainfall, there is a plentiful supply of water. The rain itself is collected in tanks, and high up in the hills are ample springs which never dry. From these and from the reservoirs water is conveyed by means of open conduits throughout the whole of the cultivated lands, and most complex and ingenious, and at the same time comprehensive and effective, is the system of distribution. Go where you will in the islands, and—unless you climb absolutely to the summit of an extinct crater, or plunge voluntarily into a region so lava-encrusted that the industry of the peasant has hesitated before the task of tillage—you will not get out of earshot of the soothing sound of rushing water. Now along the roadside, now underneath it, now across fields and beneath hedges, and, again, skirting the side of a rocky ravine, the water gurgles merrily along its carefully-constructed channels. Here, perhaps, it swells into a wider stream, and flashes brightly in the sunlight over loose

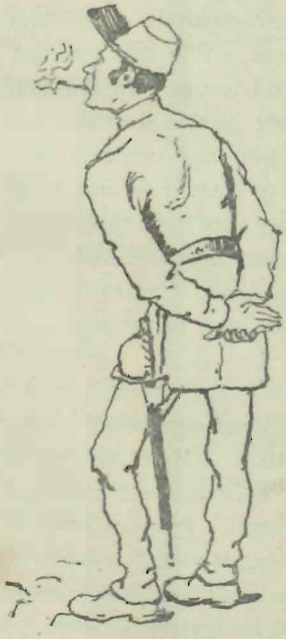
flat stones. Such a spot, if near a town or village, is sure to be seized upon by the natives as a washing place; and you may see the women, with their short dresses tucked between their legs, standing for hours in the streamlet, soaping their linen, and banging and bashing it upon the stones with an energy that speaks volumes for their partiality for spotless underclothing, but sadly deteriorates the quality of the fabric. There the stream disappears, and before it comes again into view it has made a lengthy detour through the property of a pretty extensive cultivator. Upon the water supply depends the value of the land. The ground is sold *plus* so many hours of water per month; and as those hours are less or more in number, so the price of the land is diminished or augmented. Having run its prescribed period into the land of one proprietor, the stream is turned into that of another by a specially appointed official; and each proprietor, during the time he receives it, causes it to run along a network of minor channels until the whole surface is watered. By this means a remarkable degree of fertility is attained—four crops a year being secured in many instances from the same plot, a customary rotation being maize, potatoes, onions, and wheat.

In the matter of fruit the Canary Islands, like Madeira, form a paradise. Bananas wave their huge leaves at every turn. Orange trees are borne down to the earth by the sheer weight of their golden fruit—and Canary oranges are one of the best varieties. Figs grow by the roadside, the inhabitants scarcely taking the trouble to gather them. Guavas, mangoes, and prickly pears are to be had, by those who like them, for the trouble of picking. Apples, of course, abound; so do tomatoes, and all kinds of table vegetables. The price of fruit is merely nominal. Flowers and plants of kinds most prized by us at home, and only to be nurtured by assiduous care under glass, grow by the roadside uncared for, though by no means unappreciated. The oleander, the euphorbia, the poinsettia, and the hybiscus flaunt their radiant colours before every passer by. Roads are lined and fields dotted with the blue-leaved and aromatic eucalyptus, the pepper tree, with its drooping

cluster of bright red berries, the castor oil tree—its foliage as lovely as its product is gruesome—and the tamarisk tree with its leaves of delicate tracery, while the eye can seldom travel far without espying the stately palm lifting its waving crest upward to the heavens.

Arcadia.

Truly, in the matter of climate, as well as in their products, the Canaries deserve the title which the ancients conferred upon them of the "Fortunate Islands." If the golden warmth of their climate encourages indolence, it also produces content. The people are peaceable and sober. Their beverage is the *vino del campo*—a mild composition which involves not a headache in a hogshead—with occasional stronger potations of Dutch gin, imported in the well-known squared-faced bottles. As for licensing laws, they do not exist, for the very excellent reason that they are not wanted. The wine shops are opened and closed at the sweet will of their proprietors. The comparative merits of "local option" and the "Gothenburg system" enter not on the *tapis*. The "drink problem" solves itself. An English resident in Las Palmas recently declared that in three years he had seen only one drunken man, and he—*proh pudor!*—was a compatriot. This absence of intoxication finds its corollary in the paucity of crime. Brutality, such as is sadly familiar to us at home, is here unheard of. There are no "criminal classes." Occasionally, Juan may annex some small article, the goods and chattels of his neighbour Manuel; or Alphonso, in an excess of jealous passion, insert a knife between the ribs of a rival for the favours of a dark-eyed senorita. But, in general terms, crime is unknown, and the sturdy guardians of the peace, who stand five feet nothing in their stockings (if they



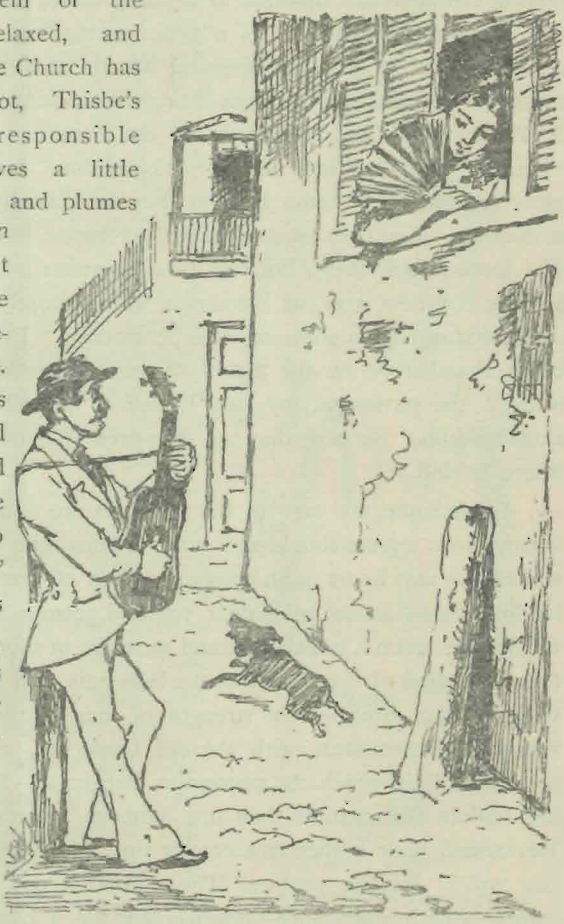
A Guardian of the Peace.

wear any at all, which is doubtful), have little occupation beyond passing the time of day with the inhabitants and begging the favour of a light for their cigarettes. For the sake of the police, a little crime is rather to be desired. It would sharpen them up. As it is, they stand listlessly about in a hybrid uniform, suggestive of a cross between an English postman and a private in the militia—a uniform once dark green but faded with age into multifarious tints of threadbare shabbiness. Murder, when it does occur, is punished by death, and the form of the penalty is strangulation. But for many years past the extreme sentence has only once been imposed. It was in the case of a murder at Orotova, Teneriffe. The victim was a young man of good family, but loose habits. He held the position of clerk to a wealthy merchant, and he was murdered by three of his companions to obtain possession of the key of his master's safe. The shameful deed, however, proved fruitless, for the safe when opened was found to contain a mere trifle, all of value having been removed some days before. The body of the murdered man was hastily interred, and for a long while the murderers escaped justice. In the end, however, they were detected, and having been duly tried and sentenced, they were placed against a wall and executed in a row. The *modus operandi* was simplicity itself. An iron clasp having been placed round their necks, they were done to death by the gradual tightening up of a screw. Though the crime took place in Teneriffe Island the execution was in Grand Canary, whither murderers from all the Canary Islands are sent to undergo their happy despatch.

Canary Courting.

The relations of the sexes are conducted strictly upon the Continental system. Here, no pair of lovers are permitted to "whisper sweet nothings" in the course of an afternoon or evening stroll. Pyramus, when he has been inspected, and his personal character and commercial prospects have been duly approved by the lady's family, may indeed pay visits to his Thisbe, but the interviews are invariably conducted in the presence of Thisbe's mother, or aunt, or very much elder sister,

or some other discreet duenna who may chance to dwell under Thisbe's roof. Nor may Thisbe take an afternoon stroll, or indulge in a little shopping alone and unattended. Not until marriage is the tight rein of the chaperone relaxed, and then, when the Church has tied the knot, Thisbe's mother or responsible guardian heaves a little sigh of relief, and plumes herself upon having brought up her charge in a manner beyond reproach. Thisbe then has her liberty; and if it should happen that she is inclined to "take it out" for all the years of repression, that is no one's affair but her own and her husband's.



"The wooing o't."

Love-making in the Canaries is thus seen to be an affair sufficiently formidable in its nature. Yet it is hardly for us to find fault. A people, like an individual, may be supposed to know its own business best; and no doubt as soon as the system of courtship is felt to be out of accord with the national temper, the nation will perceive

that, like the views of the American politician, it "kin be altered." Occasionally, as you walk along the streets, upon a hot and lazy afternoon, you will see a young fellow leaning against a wall, looking sentimentally upwards at a partly drawn jalousie opposite, and twanging a guitar. It is a swain serenading his love; but a swain attired not in the sweeping hat, the slashed velvet habit and knee breeches, and the finely-fitting silk stockings of Manrico in *Il Trovatore*. The troubadour of the Canaries affects a short "jumper" coat, a little round pork-pie hat, and trousers as excruciatingly tight at the knee as they are absurdly bell-mouthed at the foot. You pass on, and return, perchance, in an hour's time. The lover is still there, but this time his guitar is mute, and he is holding converse with his inamorata, who promptly retires behind the lattice when you come into the perspective. Even though my lady's chamber be on the first floor, and the gentleman be on the level of the pavement, my lady herself is not allowed to speak alone to him. Be sure that the ever-present duenna lurks somewhere behind.

In physique the men of the Canaries are a fine race. The smart, erect, square-shouldered little urchins who run about the streets and pass hours in an amphibious sort of existence about the landing places, do not belie their youthful promise when they grow up. Some attain a tall stature, and most are of average height, and the occupation of the boatmen, the labourers, and peasantry tends to give them considerable strength of muscle, albeit their diet is meagre. Intermixture with the old Guanches, or the exposure to sun and air, which the youngsters delight in—for the children are seldom clad in more than one garment, a sort of loose shirt—has tanned their bodies to a copper tint. In other respects they are typical Spanish people. The women, if not beautiful in all cases—what women are?—nevertheless are a comely race, their flashing eyes and expressive features being quite in keeping with the traditions of Spanish loveliness. Good looks are met with amongst all classes. The senorita promenading in the *plaza* when the band is playing is attired more in accordance with the fashions of Seville, or Madrid, or even Paris itself, and her beauty

may be more *spirituelle* than that of the water-bearer of the hills, who gives little thought to retaining a velvety softness of cheek, and for the sake of economy makes a custom of carrying her boots in her hand until arriving at the town. But the latter has a freedom of carriage and a statuesqueness of pose that, joined to a striking face and dark, flashing eyes, makes her a model that a painter would delight to transfer to canvas.

A Water Carrier.

A Spanish custom carefully followed is the use of the mantilla. Amongst all classes it is the favourite head-dress. Those who can afford it wear mantillas of black lace, which secured to a little chignon high upon the back of the head, fall in coquettish folds about the face and neck. The mantillas of the humbler folks are of cashmere, white or black, as the fancy may suggest. These may have a cooling effect in hot weather, inasmuch as they shade the upper part of the body from the direct action of the sun's rays; yet, on the other hand, they must prevent the access of air. Canary belles have no high opinion of the axiom about "beauty unadorned." The modes are studied with great attention; and an object of considerable solicitude is the complexion. Sheridan's smart lines in the *School for Scandal* may very aptly be applied to the bloom upon the cheek of maid and matron alike: "It is fresh when fresh put on, and it not only comes and goes, but, egad, their maids can fetch and carry it." The type of beauty,

both for men and women, is fatness. To be slim is a reproach; to be rotund a consummation devoutly to be wished. Happily for most of those of the population to whom beauty is a consideration of moment, that consummation is usually reached. The Canary dames, as well as their lords and masters, have a distinct tendency to plumpness.

A Pair of Light Weights.

The administration of the islands is largely independent. Politically considered, they are part of the province of Andalusia, but the inhabitants have little reason to complain of interference from the peninsula; while on the other hand the fact that several prominent Spanish statesmen have a personal connection with the islands secures a certain amount of favourable attention from the home government. Unfortunately for some of the public officers, however, that attention does not always include the payment of their salaries. In theatrical parlance, the ghost sometimes fails to make his accustomed walk. Now it is evident that even public officials, Talleyrand to the contrary notwithstanding, must live. Their lot therefore, like that of Mr. Gilbert's policeman, is, "taking one consideration with another," not invariably felicitous. The dignity of place, however, is perhaps sufficient compensation. The governor-general, who resides at Santa Cruz, has chief command

both in civil and military affairs; while the actual administration is in the hands of lieutenant-governors, who reside at Santa Cruz and Las Palmas. On the other islands are deputy-governors, acting under the lieutenant-governor to whose district they belong. A considerable military force is distributed over the islands, and at Las Palmas and Santa Cruz there are forts which in times gone by may, no doubt, have been formidable—witness the repulse of Nelson at the mole of Teneriffe—but which now have largely fallen into decay. So slovenly, indeed, was the management of the citadel on the summit of the hill at Las Palmas allowed to become, a year or two back, that upon the visit of H.M.S. "Ruby" a sad contretemps occurred. The "Ruby," as a mark of courtesy, fired a salute, in the full expectation that it would be duly answered. The expectation, however, was in vain. Not a sound was heard from the edifice on the hill; and some hours elapsed before even a flag was run up. It afterwards transpired that not only was the doughty stronghold unprovided with ammunition to fire a volley, but that even if powder and shot had been at hand the gunners would probably have been afraid to discharge their weapons lest the reverberation should bring the walls tumbling about their ears. The very bunting had to be borrowed from the health officer's boat.

The local government of the towns is by mayor and corporation, elected by the townspeople upon a system much the same as in England.

Visitors to the islands cannot fail to be struck by the excellence of the roads. These are of quite recent construction, and are the work of Don Juan Leon y Castillo, the engineer for the Canary group. Don Juan lives in a charming residence at Telde, Grand Canary, where his garden is an unfailing source of admiration for strangers as well as natives. In the highroads which he has designed and carried out a lasting memorial to his abilities has been created. It is doubtful whether anywhere in Great Britain, now that railways have superseded the older method of transport, any road can be found to equal those of the Canaries, with the exception, perhaps,

of the famous old Holyhead mail coach route constructed by Telford. The gradients in the islands, as well as the ravine-pierced character of the district to be traversed, render the work of road laying one of vast expense and difficulty. The former has been patriotically overcome by the people and the government; the latter has received a bold and decisive solution at the hands of the engineer. The highways are led through rocky defiles and passes, in a fashion which would terrify the traveller were it not for the splendid masonry by which the exposed side is supported and the massive stone walls that rise breast high between the roadway and the depths below. The roads themselves are metalled by finely-broken macadam, the material for which is ready to hand in the volcanic debris that lies all round, and a staff of *peons* is always at work to keep them in excellent order. Those cyclists who do not mind a little hard work will find in the Canaries the opportunities for splendid runs. The hills may be steep, but as "ilka lassie," on the authority of the Scotch ballad, "has her laddie," so every acclivity on the one side has its corresponding descent on the other; while in the matter of smoothness the "going" will be found irreproachable.

AT GRAND CANARY.

Permission to land having been given by the port authorities, the passenger will find no lack of boats to hand to convey himself and baggage ashore. The landing charges are a *peseta* (a coin worth tenpence, and for which an English shilling is accepted as an equivalent) for each person and for every package of large size; smaller parcels are lumped together and charged as one large one. The boat is rowed to the mole, behind which, even in stormy weather, the landing is safe and easy.

The hotels are three in number—Quiney's English hotel and two Spanish hotels. They are about half-a-mile from the mole, and it will be advisable to proceed thither in a vehicle, of which several are sure to be within call. There is no Customs' examination of baggage.

At Quiney's hotel will be found every accommodation at a charge of about eight shillings per day, inclusive; and those to whom English proprietary and systems are a desideratum will probably find this house more to their taste. Ramon's Spanish hotel is one in which the tourist will obtain exceeding comfortable quarters, the proprietor being most obliging and attentive. An English table is now served. The charges here are six shillings per day.

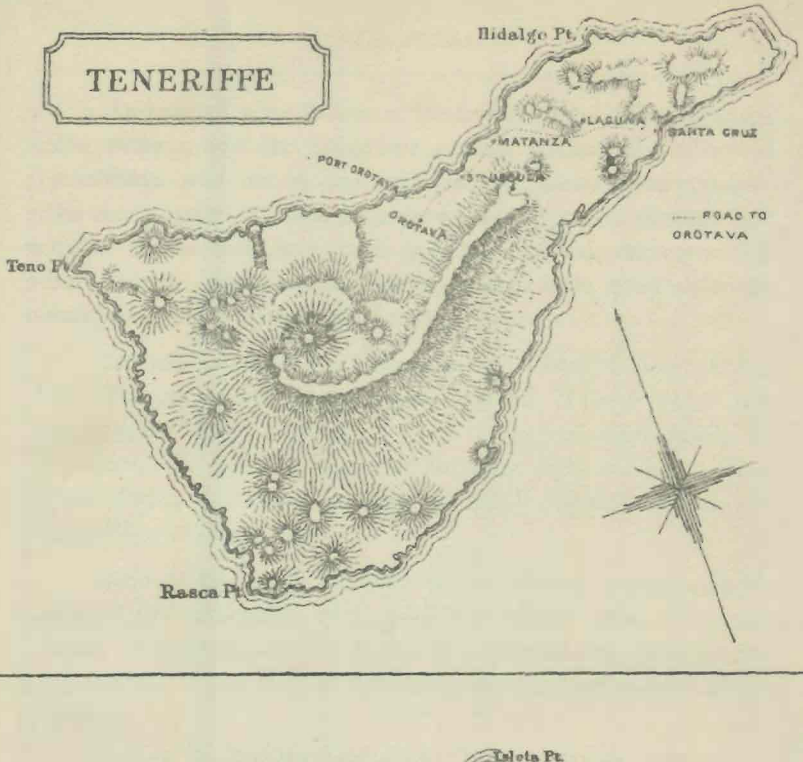
Las Palmas, the capital of Grand Canary, which promises to become the most important town in the whole of the islands, if it has not already attained that distinction—fifty steamers per month now calling there—is a city of considerable antiquity. Portions of its cathedral date from the year 1500. Its population is 27,000. The Moorish appearance of the city has already been remarked upon. Most of the houses are furnished with interior courtyards, which, in residences of the better classes, are usually devoted to the cultivation of plants and flowers, while a fountain often plays

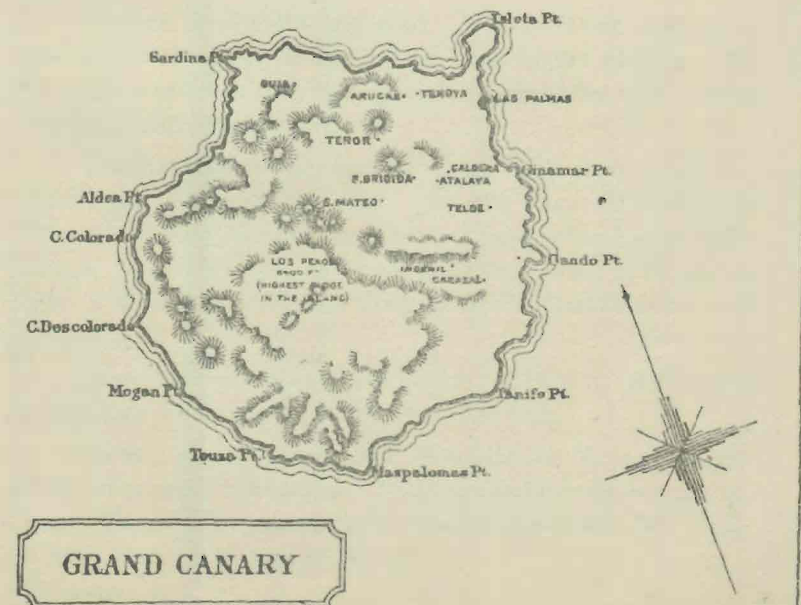
in the centre. The closely-barred windows in the portions of the dwellings fronting the public streets are not to be taken as indications of lack of life within. They are shut to keep out the sun; for sunlight, wooed in England as a friend, has here often to be shunned as an enemy. For much the same reason, probably, few of the shops display their wares *en pleine vue*. They have to be entered before the nature and description of the commodities can be properly ascertained.

The CATHEDRAL should be one of the first places visited. It is a noble building, not yet entirely completed in consequence of want of funds, but full of interest. It has two towers. The interior is gothic, the only monument of this style in the islands. There are three large naves, four transepts, and eleven chapels at the sides. The roof is sustained by massive stone columns, coupled. The organ is a fine instrument; and the numerous altars are highly ornate as well as elaborate in design. Some splendid wood carving is to be noted in the side chapels.

Facing the cathedral, from which it is separated by a stone-paved *plaza*, is the PUBLIC MUSEUM, where a large number of specimens of the natural history of the Canary Islands are collected. The attention of the ordinary traveller will probably be most arrested by the extraordinary number of Guanche remains that have been obtained from the innumerable caves in the hills that formed the dwellings of these remarkable people. There are some thousands of skulls, large heaps of bones, and several mummies; for the Guanches followed the practice of embalming their dead and sewing the bodies in skins. The covering of one mummy has been found to consist of no fewer than 35 skins, sewn with a cord probably made from entrails, and by a fish-bone needle. The specimens of Guanche pottery are also of interest. The TOWN HALL will more than repay a visit.

The MARKET is deserving of a visit, and the HOSPITAL and PRISON, which are in the same quarter, should be inspected. To enter the prison an order from the governor will be required. The officials in the island are extremely courteous, and no difficulty will probably be found in this regard.





There are several PLAZAS in the city, in the principal of which, the Almeida, near the club, there is music once a week, when the inhabitants turn out in large numbers to promenade and converse. To the stranger this will be a very interesting and characteristic sight. Public balls commence in November, and continue weekly until March. There are, in addition, masked balls, given under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society.

The inhabitants of Las Palmas are a decidedly musical people. The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY give concerts of both vocal and instrumental music, in which as many as 65 performers, nearly all amateurs, take part. A series of Saturday night concerts is also given during the winter months, to which English visitors are especially welcomed.

Some of the handicraftsmen of Las Palmas are exceedingly skilful; the carpenters' work being particularly good. On the beach, in front of another *plaza*, is a shipbuilding yard, where wooden craft of considerable dimensions are constructed in excellent fashion.

FISHING is plentiful and good. It is of course confined to the sea, as the short courses of the rivers in the island and the precipitous nature of their beds cause the water to dry up soon after the brief rainy season is over.

The BATHING is very fine, the shore being shelving and the water clear and never too cold. The best place for bathing is towards the PORT, where a fine stretch of sand is found 2½ miles in length. A conveyance can be obtained for a *peseta*, or the visitor may, if he feel inclined, walk along an excellent road a distance of about a mile.

There are several Spanish DOCTORS in Las Palmas. An English practitioner will shortly be established in the city.

CLUBS: The Gabinette and Merchants clubs are open to strangers properly introduced. Telegrams and newspapers may be seen. The English residents have organised a Tennis Club, which is well supported, play going on daily.

EXCURSIONS FROM LAS PALMAS

Excursions into the country about Las Palmas are made either in vehicles or on horseback. Good saddle horses can be had from Don Lorenzo Curhelo (see page 64), and carriages may be obtained from Antonio Martin, Terrero, Las Palmas. The charge for a three horse carrage is about four dollars (16s.) for the day. The carriages will hold from four to six persons. The visitor need not be dismayed by the small size and ragged appearance of the horses. They possess great endurance, are accustomed to the steep ascents, and do their work thoroughly well.

To Caldera and Atalaya.

This excursion (11 miles), one of the most interesting the island affords, is best made on horseback, inasmuch as shortly after passing Tafira the main road is departed from, and the rest of the journey is over byeways somewhat difficult for wheeled conveyances. Those, however, for whom equitation has no charm, but who are not afraid of a good walk, may proceed by carriage as far as the branch road past Tafira, and perform the rest of the journey on foot.

Leaving Las Palmas by the cathedral and public museum, you strike the road for Tafira, which skirts a valley abounding in banana trees, maize plantations, cactus fields, and other vegetable products. The little streamlet rushing along the roadside is for irrigation; it also serves another purpose—that of affording a washing-place for linen, and you will probably observe a number of women at work as you get clear of the town. The road, fringed by aloes—with their long, sharp, powerful spines—pepper and castor oil trees and prickly pear plants, winds considerably, rising all the while until a fine view

of the town and harbour of Las Palmas is obtained. Nothing of special interest occurs until the village of Tafira is reached. Here, at the sign of the "Half-way House," kept by one Miguel Ojeda, a burly and genial host, may be obtained refreshment for man—the beasts are accustomed not to expect it,—which will probably be found extremely welcome. Miguel doubles the part of tavern-keeper and general dealer. Enter through the shop into a court-yard covered with trellis, over which is trained a vine, whose luscious clusters hang temptingly within reach. The leaves give grateful shelter from the hot sun, and the ripple of water through the yard lends an additional sense of coolness.

Remounting, you continue your way, about two miles, through a country now become fertile and closely cultivated. Then a turn to the left takes you away from the main road and in the direction of the Caldera, the remarkable crater of a volcano, which is one of the objectives of the excursion. The road becomes steeper, first leading down hill and afterwards up, and it may be desirable to dismount here and there. The pathway, besides being uneven, is yielding to the feet, thanks to the loose and shifty volcanic debris of which it is formed. Soon, however, you come to a farmyard at the foot of the volcano, and here you will tie up your horse while you make the ascent of the hill on foot.

The hill is called the "Bandama," and is 2,000 feet above the sea level, but as you are already a considerable height yourself, you have now to climb not more than a third of the distance named, and the "going" is easy enough, although the hillside is steep. Arrived at the top, you have a splendid view. It is claimed that the crater is one of the most perfect in existence. It is a mile across, 1,000 feet deep, and almost perfectly round. The evidences of volcanic action are manifold and impressive; but now the fiery forces have disappeared, and at the very bottom of the crater smiles a neat little homestead and patch of cultivated ground. To return, a short cut may be taken down the steeper face of the hill, which has been avoided in the ascent. Remounting, continue your journey in single file along a rough riding path a little over a mile

and you arrive at the most remarkable village of Atalaya. This is a hamlet of cave-dwellings, unchanged from the old days when the

A Family of Cave Dwellers.

Guanches burrowed out the hillside and made their homes therein. The dress of many of the present inhabitants is a garment of sheepskin. Their occupation, pottery making, is the same as that of their predecessors. The work is done entirely by hand, and marvellously true are the angles and circles of their earthenware productions. Poor though they be, these cave-dwellers are contented and happy, and take a pleasure in showing their homes and methods to the visitor. Stone hammers and chisels are said to be still used. The archeologist should find in this cave-village of Atalaya, and in the cave-dwellings scattered profusely throughout the island, food for much profoundly interesting inquiry.

As the way to the Caldera and Atalaya is somewhat difficult for a stranger, the services of some young fellow as guide should be procured at Tafira.

To Teror and Firgas. An interesting drive through characteristic scenery is to the town of Teror, where is to be found a charming church, dedicated to the *Virgen del Pino*, respecting whom there is, of course, a legend. The 8th September is the Feast Day, and the feast is, perhaps, the most important of all that take place in the island. Within five minutes' walk of the village is a fine wood, known as "Ossorios," belonging to the family of Manrique. A fine view may be obtained, and the chestnut trees are notable. Teror is within an hour's ride of Firgas, celebrated locally for its springs of mineral water and baths, and situated about 3,000 feet above the sea level. The special efficacy of the Firgas waters is for rheumatism, gout, and skin diseases; and some striking cures are recorded in the Canary Islands, as well as in Madeira, where the reputation of the waters is firmly established amongst the Portuguese inhabitants. Their properties are well worth investigation by English physicians, since an analysis which has been obtained gives a highly favourable comparison with the well-known waters of Vichy, Carlsbad, and other popular Continental resorts for invalids. That the Spanish Government have faith in the future of Firgas is shown by the fact that a sum of £30,000 has been voted for the construction of a new road from Arucas to that place, and the engineering work has been begun. The Montaña, by which name a somewhat extensive hilly district in this locality is known, affords, perhaps, the most charming views in the whole island, delighting all who pay it a visit. A whole day may be devoted to a ride over the hills and dales of the Montaña, the return to Las Palmas being reserved for the day following. Firgas is the stopping place at which to put up for the night, and from which to visit the Montaña. Unfortunately the hotel accommodation at the place is rough; but should the Firgas springs acquire a general vogue, this objection will soon be removed.

To Telde and Ingenio. Telde is a city of some 6,000 inhabitants, famous in the island for the fertility of the district around, specially celebrated for its oranges, and popular amongst the merchants of Las Palmas as a summer resort. It is 10 miles from that city. The road for several miles skirts the sea, and is overhung on the other side by towering cliffs. A remarkable series of views is afforded. Entering an excellently cut tunnel, 300 yards long, driven through very hard rock, and turning inland, you reach the charming valley of Ginamar, and then the road crosses a magnificent stream of lava, which may be plainly traced up to the crater of the volcano from which it issued. Observe, also, how an intervening hill has intersected the fiery stream and caused it to flow down in two channels. A further turn discloses in the distance the valley and town of Telde, to which the numerous palm trees and the general style of building lend a strikingly Oriental appearance. A fine seven-arched bridge crosses the bed of a wide and straggling watercourse, which in summer is quite dry. Cave-dwellings may be observed on the side of the hill as you approach the town. Telde is a clean and picturesque town in itself, and possesses special features of interest in the church, a fine old structure dating far back into history, and the houses and grounds of several proprietors. Of these, one is Don Juan Leon y Castillo, brother of Don Fernando Leon y Castillo, a leading Spanish statesman. Don Juan is the chief engineer for the Canary Islands, to whose great work of laying out roads reference has been made. He is also the designer of the harbour works at the port of Las Palmas and at Santa Cruz. His gardens, teeming with fruit and flowers, are kindly thrown open to English visitors. Another charming garden is owned by Don Andres Calderin, at whose hands visitors are sure of a courteous reception.

For the purpose of seeing wild and rugged scenery extend the journey seven miles to Ingenio, thence to Ageuimes and Carrisal. All three villages lie close together. The time occupied is about eight hours to Ageuimes and back, including stoppages.

To Santa Brigida and San Mateo.

(17 miles.) Drive along the Tafira road and past that village, keeping to the main road instead of turning along the bye-road to the Caldera. Pass through Monte, another village in the centre of a great wine-growing district.—(8 miles.) The approach to Santa Brigida is very pretty. Stop at this little town itself for a cup of the native wine or other beverage, and pursue the journey to San Mateo, through interesting and highly cultivated country. The road winds through charming "bits," and from time to time an extensive panorama spread itself to the eye. The route thence to San Mateo leads through a delightfully fertile valley, rising gradually until a height of over 3,000 feet is reached; at which elevation ladies will probably find a light wrap desirable. The road is bordered by aloes, cactus, prickly pear, pepper trees, eucalyptus, fig trees, poplars, and other trees more familiar to British eyes. In the valley grow maize, wheat, tobacco, sugar cane, and cochineal cactus. Palm trees dot the vale here and there, some growing to great height. Several country seats are passed on the road, the gardens of which are assiduously cultivated, and contain a profusion of choice plants and flowers. Vine-covered trellises, below which shady walks and lounging places offer attractions to lovers of *dolce far niente*, are leading features of these charming residences. At San Mateo the carriage road ceases; but a footpath of about two miles, through well wooded country, will bring the visitor to the waterfall of El Chorro, where a stream, issuing from a mountain spring, makes a clear descent of 200 feet.

To Tenoya, Arucas, and Guia.

Leaving Las Palmas by the road directly opposite the mole, the tourist mounts rapidly to high ground, from which, looking back, a fine view of the bay may be obtained. On reaching the summit of the ridge it is necessary to clap the brake tight on, for the road descends sharply until a turn reveals, on the right hand, the fertile valley of Tamaraceite, in which a neat little village nestles.—(4½ miles.) Still winding very much the route continues through

well cultivated land. A remarkable tunnel, piercing a massive hill at a sharp declivity, will attract notice. Tenoya (7 miles), a village built down the face of a rocky defile, is soon reached. Looking ahead, a glimse of the sea is obtained. Further turnings in the road, necessitated by the irregular conformation of the country, brings us into view of Arucas (11 miles), a cheerful town of 7,000 inhabitants, in the heart of the sugar cane district and also an important centre for cochineal. A sugar factory is here established. The entrance to the town, through a lengthy avenue of eucalyptus trees, of fine growth, is very striking. Alight for a short stretch of the limbs, and to give the horses breathing space. The road continues down hill, and opens out into a prospect of great fertility and beauty, the effect of which is enhanced by the view of the sea, which now, and for the rest of the journey, comes into sight. Passing the village of Banaderos the route leads, in fact, down to the brink of the water, and splendid views may be had of the Peak of Teneriffe, which, though from 70 to 80 miles distant, stands boldly out in the sky. After skirting the sea, on the level, for about four miles, the road rises again into high ground, being led round the numerous ravines and gorges which now come into sight. The scenery here is grand beyond description. The element of cultivation has been left behind. We are in a region of mountainous masses, of barren aspect and thrilling magnitude. Fortunately there is a stout rampart of solid masonry to the road wherever it approaches perilously close to the edge of the precipice, a sheer descent of some 800 feet. The imposing sight, before which the justly celebrated mountain scenery of Wales must yield in grandeur, can therefore be enjoyed without fear. Note across one of the gorges, and so high up the mountain side as to be apparently impossible of access, a cave-village of the Guanches. The caves are 350 in number. They are not now occupied, but in the old days they furnished the aborigines with a temporary refuge from the cruelty of the Spanish invader, and many bones and remains have been and are still to be found in them.

Guia is one of the three cities of Grand Canary, and boasts an antique history. It contains a fine church, a hospital (formerly a

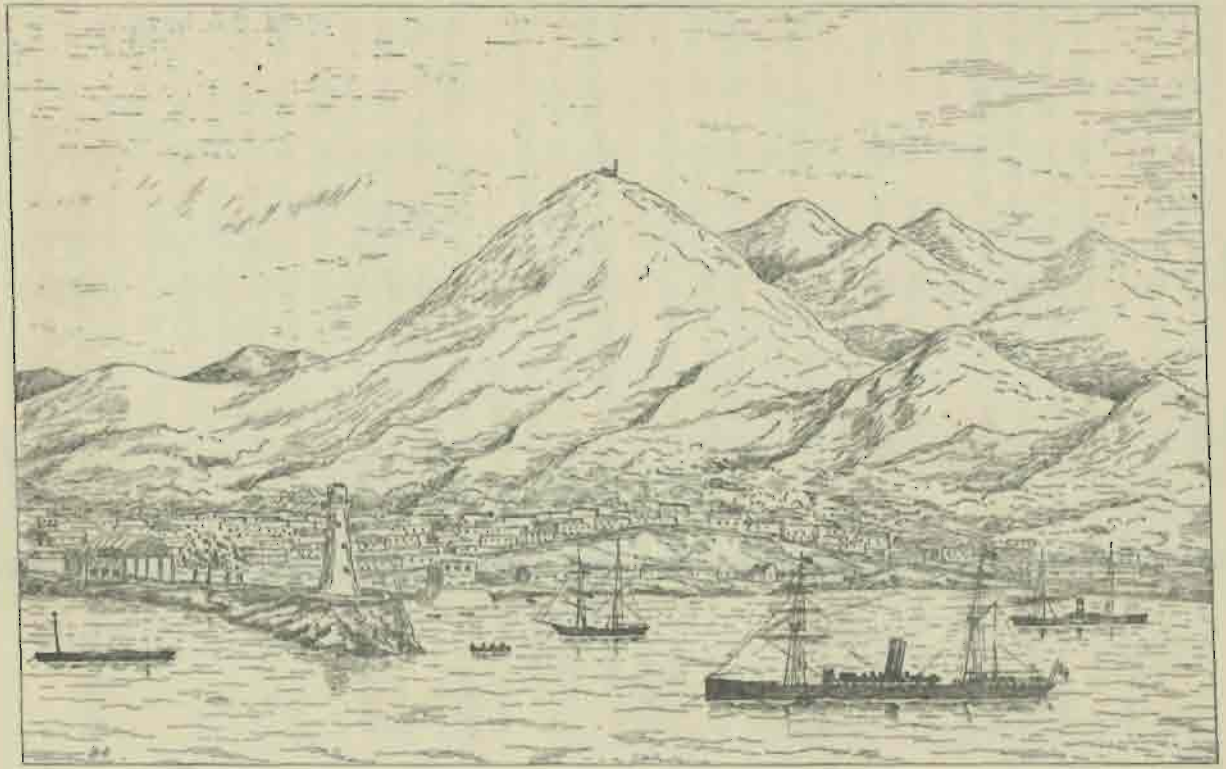
convent), a pretty *plaza*, furnished with characteristic stone seats of Moorish pattern, a casino or club, several hotels, and a military depôt. A walk about its curious streets will amply repay the visitor. Near to Guia is the pretty town of Galdar (7,000 inhabitants), and three miles further on we reach the seaport of Ageite, one of the few places in the island that escaped the terrible cholera epidemic of 1851. The tourist will return to Las Palmas tired possibly with his lengthy drive, but delighted with the beauties and splendours of the diversified scenery through which he has passed.

TENERIFFE.

The view of Santa Cruz, as it nestles at the base of the majestic amphitheatre of mountains and looks out upon the smiling blue waters of the bay, is one of extraordinary beauty. The proud boast of the Neapolitans might almost be echoed by the inhabitants of this island town. "See Santa Cruz and die," they might exclaim in a moment of super-exquisite sentimentality. The visitor, however, will probably prefer to see Santa Cruz and live; and as the climate of Teneriffe is not less balmy and bracing than that of Grand Canary, a residence in the island will probably tend very largely to a realisation of that aspiration.

The same method of landing is in force at Santa Cruz as at Las Palmas. The steamer having anchored, shore boats take passengers to the mole, whence their baggage is transported to their hotel.

The hotels are three—Camacho's, The International, and a new one under the management of Mr. Clarke. The first named has the distinction of priority in date. Camacho himself, a Portuguese by birth, but an old resident in Santa Cruz, speaks English, not perhaps exactly "as she is wrote," but more than sufficient for practical purposes, and will be found a trustworthy and attentive, as well as an amusing host. The International, which is under English management, is a good house; while Mr. Clarke, in his recently opened establishment, has been successful in winning golden opinions from his guests. The hotel charges are 8s. to 10s. a day, with a reduction when rooms are engaged by the week. Camacho is the agent for the Grand Hotel and Sanatorium, Orotava. The landing charges are about the same as at Las Palmas. Representatives of the hotels board the steamers on arrival, and, having decided at which house you will stay, it will be best to let the hotel agent see to the baggage and the payment of the boatmen.



PORT OF SANTA CRUZ.

Santa Cruz.

The capital of Teneriffe is a bright little town, covering not so large an area as Las Palmas, but more compactly built. It has about 18,000 inhabitants.

The CATHEDRAL is one of the first buildings to visit, if only for the purpose of seeing the two flags captured from the British in the attack on the mole in 1797, when Nelson lost his arm. The flags were at one time displayed to the general view. Now they are carefully boxed in what appears to be large barometer cases, stuck upon the wall at such an altitude and in such a position that the colours, which are rolled round their staves, are practically invisible. This is a precaution taken after the famous theft of the flags by English midshipmen. The altars and the organ of the church are worth close attention, together with some splendid wood carvings in the chapels.

The BAND plays in the *plaza* on Thursday and Sunday evenings, and has an advantage over Las Palmas in this respect.

The GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, the MUSIC HALL and CLUB, and the MARKET should be seen.

On the wall of the MOLE a stone is shown, the face of which is splintered as though by a heavy shot. The story is, that this was caused by the cannon ball which shattered Nelson's arm during the attack on the town. The ball was fired from the fort of San Pedro, on the right extremity of the town. The fractured stone is in the upper and older portion of the mole.

The SHOPS of Santa Cruz are numerous and varied. Beware of the upward tendency which prices display when English purchasers enter.

The best DRIVE or RIDE is along the road skirting the base of the mountains and by the sea. The other main road is to Laguna and Orotava, and, as far as the former place (5 miles), the scenery is bare and rugged, while the road constantly ascends. Splendid sea views are, however, abundant.

Laguna, the ancient capital of the island, is now a grass-grown but stately monument of bye-gone prosperity. It has two churches of large size and much interest. It is situated about the summit of

the lofty ridge of hills which traverses Teneriffe from north to south, and forms the backbone, as it were, of the island. The population numbers some 4,600 persons, and the town and its immediate locality form a favourite summer resort for the merchants of Santa Cruz, inasmuch as, being higher in situation, it affords cooler and fresher air.

Orotava. No visitor to Teneriffe should omit a stay at Orotava, the new health resort, and a portion of the island famous not only for its splendid climate, but for the magnificence of its scenery. The drive thither from Santa Cruz may be somewhat fatiguing to the invalid, but this drawback once overcome a sojourn at Orotava can be productive of nothing but pleasure and benefit. The accommodation at the Grand Hotel is admirable in every way. The establishment has been opened quite recently by an English company, of which Count de Salazar is the president and Mr. Wm. Harris the managing director, and it will be found to be an excellent hotel, not only in regard to its structural conveniences, but its internal and domestic economy. It has been adapted from the mansion of a Cuban merchant. Its rooms are spacious and well furnished; its cuisine, under a French *chef*, capital; its sanitary arrangements (a notoriously weak point abroad) beyond reproach; while its gardens are extensive and beautiful beyond measure, and contain a remarkable diversity of plants, including a grove of orange trees of great fertility, and some Indian laurel trees of magnificent foliage and proportions.

The hotel charges are 8s., 10s., and 12s. per day, inclusive of all but liquors.

Orotava lies west of Santa Cruz, on the opposite side of the island, and at a distance of 26 miles. The drive occupies about five hours, including stoppages for rest, and the charge for a vehicle, to hold four, is £1. Baggage, if heavy, may have to be sent by cart, for which a separate charge is made. Camacho will make all arrangements about the coach and apprise the manager of the Orotava hotel, by telegraph, of your departure.

The Road to Orotava lies through Laguna, after passing which place the scenery begins to open out into a prospect of

fertility, in delightful contrast with the barren region previously traversed. Vegetation becomes manifold and luxuriant, and, as the journey continues, the view improves until, on turning a bend which brings into sight the valley of Orotava itself, the tourist must be phlegmatic and unappreciative indeed who can gaze upon its beauties unmoved.

"Looking north to the great Atlantic," says a local writer, "and enjoying the advantage of its mild and invigorating breezes, it is backed by the long chain of mountains that run from Point Anaga to the other end of the island, Point de Teno. On the east and west it is also encircled by ranges of picturesque mountains, descending from the great chain which culminates in the Great Peak. Presenting the appearance more of an amphitheatre than of a valley, it occupies an area of 15 miles in one direction by 10 miles in the other. In the centre of the amphitheatre the eye is arrested by three mountains or extinct volcanoes, which stand up, equidistant, in the order of their respective eruptions, from west to east. The largest, being to the eastward, is 1,000 feet high and round in shape. In each can be observed the red mound with its vast hollow on the top, the surrounding wall being broken on one side towards the sea, where poured, in long ages past, its thick stream of viscid lava, that hardened as it flowed, forming terraces down to the Atlantic shore. These volcanoes are but mere warts by the side of the Great Peak."

Another testimony to the beauties of the scene is that of Humboldt—an authority certainly to be credited with experience—who is recorded to have remarked that never in the whole of his extensive travels did he behold a prospect more varied, more attractive, and harmonious in the distribution of the masses of verdure and of rocks.

There are two Orotavas—the town, or *villa*, and the port. They are about two miles apart. The town is situated well up the vale, and, in conjunction with the port, was, in former days, an important place for the export of wine and other products of the country. Its merchants, possessed of energy and spirit, attained in many cases

great wealth, memorials of which are to be seen in the stately houses erected within the confines of the *villa*, as well as at the port. Passing these now silent and too-often decaying walls, and peering into the grass-grown courtyards, the imagination cannot but be excited to the liveliest degree. Doré's illustrations to *Don Quixotte* are brought powerfully to mind. Time takes a wide step backwards. The present fades from view; we seem to get touch of the old days of chivalry and remance. Were the crack-brained knight of La Mancha himself to come clattering out of one of those courtyards, mounted upon poor faithful old Rosinante, his appearance would be not in the least incongruous.

Many of these old palaces are furnished with balconies which architects, as well as antiquarians, have made pilgrimages to see. They are of wood—the native pine, a tree of such extraordinary durability that the balconies, although in several cases two centuries old, are in a condition of almost perfect repair. The wood is unpainted; its highly resinous nature serving to render artificial coating unnecessary. Carved in designs partly Italian and partly Mauresque, the balconies are works of singular beauty, the intricacy of their pattern being as notable as the delicacy of their workmanship.

The excursions to be made about Orotava are both numerous and delightful. Riding horses and carriages are supplied by the hotel at a fixed tariff; and ample information as to what to do and how to do it will be supplied by Mr. Harris, who will be found a most genial host, of unconquerable energy, and animated by a firm intention to make his visitors happy and comfortable during their stay. The physician to the hotel is Dr. George V. Perez, the leading practitioner of Orotava, a gentleman who holds English diplomas and has occupied an important post at the Brompton Consumption Hospital.

Intending visitors to Orotava should obtain a little pamphlet published by the Hotel Company, which contains valuable information.

The Peak of Teneriffe is ascended from Orotava. The ascent occupies two days, and cannot be made with safety later than September, owing to the mists which surround the shoulder of the mountain in the winter months.

MADEIRA.

As explained in the preface, the visitor is referred for full information about Madeira to existing handbooks to this lovely island.

It is desirable, however, to remark here that the Custom House regulations are very strict, and that duties upon articles imported are heavy. The tourist will do well to refrain from including amongst his baggage more than a handful of cigars or a single bottle of spirits, which, by the way, it will be well to have opened and partly used.

Articles liable to duty and not required during a sojourn upon the island, after being declared, can be deposited in the Custom House, and taken out when you leave the island. When this is done, no duty is exacted.

The English hotels in Funchal are four in number. Three belong to the Messrs. Reid, whose reputation stands deservedly high. They are the Santa Clara, the Carmo (otherwise known as "Miles's"), and the Edinburgh. The Santa Clara is situated half a mile from the beach, and is at an elevation of several hundred feet, which gives it a splendid view of the town and harbour of Funchal. It is, in all respects, a charming hotel, and most excellently managed. The Carmo and the Edinburgh are in the town itself, and can also be strongly recommended for scrupulous cleanliness and all the comforts of first-class English hotels. The Carmo is provided with a large billiard room. Mr. and Mrs. Cardwell, the late managers of the Santa Clara, have now established an hotel of their own, the success of which their popularity

with visitors to the island for many years back should suffice to ensure.

The charges are from 8s. to 10s. per day, a reduction being made for a prolonged stay.

A German hotel and one or two English boarding houses also cater well for visitors' comfort.

The steamer upon arrival will be boarded by agents from the various hotels, in whose hands the traveller may safely place himself, and who will see to the landing of baggage, and passing it through the Custom House.

CLIMATE AND TEMPERATURE OF THE CANARIES.

The climate of the Canaries is justly famed. It is remarkably equable, as the following tables will show :—

TEMPERATURE OF GRAND CANARY.—(Taken at Noon.—Mean.)

January	66·0	July	77·0
February	66·0	August	78·0
March	69·0	September	78·0
April	71·0	October	75·0
May	72·0	November	71·0
June	74·0	December	68·0

TEMPERATURE AT SANTA CRUZ.—(Mean.)

January	63·7	July	77·2
February	64·3	August	78·9
March	67·1	September	77·4
April	67·2	October	74·5
May	72·1	November	70·4
June	73·8	December	65·9

TEMPERATURE AT OROTAVA.—(Mean.)

January	62·2	July	76·1
February	62·1	August	73·2
March	64·2	September	71·8
April	64·6	October	69·3
May	69·2	November	68·0
June	73·1	December	66·7

For eight months in the year (from April to October) the north-east trade wind prevails, blowing in from the ocean, and exercising a delightfully cooling and freshening effect upon the atmosphere during the summer months. South-west winds prevail during the other portion of the year, with occasional breezes from the south-east. The latter, having passed over the great African Desert, are hot, dry, and disagreeable. They occur, however, but seldom.

The rainfall in the Canaries is about fourteen inches in the year, while that of Madeira is twenty-nine inches. There are about fifty days upon which rain falls in the year, and the showers are heavy while they last, but they are soon over, and the absorbent nature of the soil renders it possible to walk about dryshod half-an-hour after the heaviest downfall. Even in the rainy season there are many days of brilliant sunshine, and it is not too much to say that the worst winter in these islands will compare favourably with an average summer in Great Britain.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The Canary Islands lie off the North-West Coast of Africa, between the latitudes of 27° 4′ and 29° 3′ North, and the longitudes of 13° 3′ and 18° 2′ West. They are seven in number, viz., Grand Canary, Teneriffe, Fuertaventura, Lanzerote, Gomero, Hierro, and Palma. Both soundings and natural appearances betoken them to be a prolongation of the Atlas chain of mountains, in north-west Africa. Though volcanic in their origin, it appears as though the subterranean fires had become extinct, for there has been no eruption since the year 1798, when a large quantity of lava and other matter was ejected from orifices to the west of Chahoira, in Teneriffe. In 1796 a copious stream of lava was discharged from a vent on the north-western side of the Peak; but there is no account in history of eruptions from either of the actual craters of the mountain.

The origin of the name of the Canaries has not been satisfactorily ascertained. According to Pliny, it was applied in consequence of the islands abounding in dogs of a large size, two of which were presented to Juba, Governor of Mauritania. If such animals existed, they were completely extinct when the islands were visited by Europeans. Another theory, regarded as being more probable, is that the name is taken from the tribe of the *Canarii*, who dwelt beyond Mount Atlas, in Africa.

The Canaries have been supposed to have formed the fabled Land of Atlantis, as to which the tradition is that a great island existed west of the Pillars of Hercules, in the ocean, opposite

Mount Atlas. It possessed a numerous population, and abounded with every beauty. Its powerful princes invaded Africa and Europe, but were defeated by the Athenians and their allies. Its inhabitants afterwards became wicked and impious, and the island was, in consequence, swallowed up into the ocean in a day and a night.

The legend of the Fortunate Islands, with which the Canaries and Madeira are also identified, is thus given in *Smith's Classical Dictionary*:—"The early Greeks, as we learn from Homer, placed the Elysian Fields, into which favourite heroes passed without dying, at the extremity of the earth, near the River Oceanus. In poems later than Homer, an island is clearly spoken of as their abode; and though its position was of course indefinite, both the poets and the geographers who followed placed it beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Hence when, just after the time of the Marian Civil Wars, certain islands were discovered in the ocean off the west coast of Africa, the name of *Fortunatæ Insulæ* was applied to them.'

The only language spoken in the Canary Islands is Spanish. Few even of the shopkeepers know English. It is desirable, therefore, to procure before leaving home a Spanish grammar, dictionary, or phrase book. There will be time during the passage to acquire a smattering of the language, which will be found eminently useful.

The language of Madeira is Portuguese; but, thanks to the lengthened period during which the island has been a British resort for pleasure and health, English is very generally understood. The tourist therefore need not trouble to learn Portuguese.

Mosquitos exist both at Las Palmas and Santa Cruz. They are troublesome, however, only when you are in bed. Mosquito curtains are used. Before you put out the light, see if any of the insects have lodged inside the curtains, and if so get a towel and "flap" them until they are disposed of. Then tuck your curtains well in, and you may sleep in peace. Should you, by any chance, be bitten, the best remedy is to apply ammonia to the spot, or,

failing that, to rub it with a lemon or lime. Be careful not to scratch the spot, as that will irritate it and cause it to swell. Orotava is free from mosquitos.

There are no noxious animals or reptiles in Madeira and the Canary Islands.

The Canaries and Madeira are within the Postal Union. The postage is, for letters, 2½d. per half-ounce.

The following is a table of Spanish money:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
5 centimos =	0	0½	2 peseta-piece =	1	8
10 centimos =	0	1	5 pesetas = 1 dollar =	4	0
1 real de vellon =	0	2½	½ tostone =	0	6
1 fisca =	0	3	1 tostone =	1	0
½ peseta =	0	5	2 tostone = ½ dollar =	2	0
1 peseta =	0	10	4 tostone = 1 dollar =	4	0

The gold coin are pieces of 5, 10, 20, 25, 40, and 80 pesetas, equal respectively to 4s., 8s., 16s., £1, 32s., and 64s.

The traveller need not, however, be at the trouble of obtaining Spanish or Portuguese money before leaving England. English gold is everywhere accepted, and few people refuse English silver. The boatmen who convey you to and from the steamer are quite content with the latter.

The Agents of the British and African Steam Navigation Company, and the African Steamship Company will be found ready to give every information to travellers. They are—

At MADEIRA ....Messrs. Blandy Bros. & Co.
At SANTA CRUZ ....Messrs. Hamilton & Co.
At LAS PALMAS .....Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Co.